

## BRITISH PEERS SELL ESTATES

Claim Action Is Forced Upon  
Them by Taxation and  
Death Duties.

### MUST SEEK SMALLER HOMES

One Big Landed Proprietor After  
Another Is Dividing and Selling  
His Holdings—In Same Families  
for Many Centuries.

London.—England's great estates are crumbling under the weight of taxation and death duties and one big landed proprietor after another among the nobility is dividing and selling his holdings, many of which have been in the hands of single families for centuries.

The latest indication that peers are finding it necessary to seek smaller homes comes in the announcement of the duke of Portland that he may have to abandon his palatial mansion, Welbeck Abbey, in Nottinghamshire. This is only one of the residences of the duke, who owns some 200,000 acres in England.

**Duke Expresses Fears.**  
"For centuries past landed estates have been handed down from generation to generation," said the duke, addressing his tenants on the occasion of the coming of age of his son Lord Francis Cavendish. "Landlords and tenants have lived on terms of mutual trust and affection. I fear, however, that the state of things is passing away, for with the present weight of taxation and the extremely onerous death duties, the future may become very uncertain for all landed proprietors. If this is good for the country, I certainly do not complain.

"With regard to my own case, it may not be possible for me and my family to continue to reside at Welbeck, but I fear that there can be little doubt that those who come after me will not be able to do so."

**Many Connections Severed.**  
On all sides historic houses are finding new tenants and ancient families are severing their connection with the soil. The duke of Devonshire sold Devonshire house in 1919 and Stowe house, the property of Baroness Kinloss, was disposed of recently.

Others who have sold their properties recently include the duke of Bedford, the duke of Westminster, the duke of Rutland, the duke of Grafton, the duke of Marlborough, Lord Leconfield, Lord Beauchamp, Earl Bradford, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lovat, Lord Harrington, Lord Harlech, the countess of Warwick and Sir Richard Bulkeley.

Runnymede, a meadow on the bank of the Thames river, in Surrey, site of the historic battle where the barons wrested from King John the Magna Charta in 1215, was up for sale but aroused sentiment compelled its withdrawal. Attacking the government in the debate on the corn production acts repeal bill, Lord Lincolnshire in the house of lords declared the present ministry was preparing to sell the crown lands and said nothing remained but "to pawn the crown jewels."

### NOW FILM SURGICAL WORK

German Schools Find Teaching of  
Medicine by Movies Exceeds  
Former Methods.

Berlin.—An invention by which detailed, enlarged moving pictures of intricate surgical operations are taken without interfering with the operating physicians and without the presence of a camera operator has been perfected by Dr. A. Rothe of Berlin, and now is being used in a number of German medical universities, for the benefit of students. It is claimed that the students obtain better instruction from a study of the movie picture of the operation than from witnessing the operation itself.

The "operation camera" is designed to hang directly above the operating physician's hands. The cinematographical lamps are in a room above, separated from the operating room by a glass roof.

After the machine has been placed in position an operating physician or a nurse can start it by pressing an electrical foot device, which is all the attention necessary on the part of the doctor or the attendants.

### Three-Year-Old Girl Walks Up Pike's Peak

Colorado Springs, Colo.—Miss Helen M. Riordan, three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Riordan of New York city, holds the world's record for the ascent on foot of Pike's Peak. She and her mother walked up to the burro stand, where they stayed all night. Early next morning they started afoot on the last lap of the ascent, where all the difficult climbing comes in, because of the altitude and cold winds. The child walked the entire distance unaided.

At the summit, which was reached about noon, she appeared less fatigued than her mother.

### "BIRDIOLA"

By LILLIAN CYR.

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Theed, in spotless white flannels, sauntered aimlessly down the sun-baked sidewalk in Newspaper Row. It was June, and the abhorred quest for education was temporarily suspended. In September he would enter Worcester high, as a junior, an estimable acquisition in Theed's opinion. He slowed down to a halt in front of a hitching post, and, having languidly reached out for its iron ring, he twirled it absently.

He was in one of those day dreams boys have. His eyes remained open; but he saw nothing. It has to be admitted that three-quarters of Theed's dreams, waking and sleeping, were of Anita, the girl who wore his fraternity pin, and whose lovely hand he had kissed in a pageant in which they had been the star performers.

He turned back up Newspaper row and down Old South to Anita's home. He hesitated with bewildering indecision at her gate, shyness or some other boyish attribute, having seized him; then he walked away. He soon returned, playing a melancholy air on a newly bought small instrument of baked clay, called a "Birdiola," said instrument containing ten holes for ten fingers and capable of a series of weird and depressing whistling tones.

He had nearly passed the house when Anita hailed him from the piazza.

"Um on up, and have some lemonade," she invited.

He pocketed his instrument and sank down in a comfortable wicker chair, while the little hostess presided over the drinks and edibles.

"What is it?" asked Anita, not without some curiosity, "that thing you were blowing?"

"This," said Theed, holding up the instrument, and adopting the manner and the fluency of the young clerk in the music store who sold it to him, "is a 'birdiola,' an instrument of rare qualities. From it one may induce the calls, the whistles of any bird, or all birds—"

"Here comes Fred. Hello, Freddie," called Anita sweetly. "Oh, I'm so glad you brought your clarinet."

"Hello, Laurie, ol' top," said Fred, gayly.

"How d'y do," Theed responded, stiffly. He thoroughly disliked Fred and his clarinet.

A bit later the two boys rose to go. "I'm glad you boys are coming to my party," smiled Anita, "and Freddie, bring your clarinet."

The day for Anita's party arrived. Theed made an elaborate toilet and proceeded to Anita's.

A few minutes before the dancing began Theed made his way to Anita's side to claim her first dance.

"I just promised Fred," said Anita.

"You promised it to me Monday afternoon when we were sitting in the hammock. Don't you remember?" asked Theed, pained that she should have forgotten that wondrous incident.

"No."

"Well, this is my dance, Anita. You promised me first," Theed declared stubbornly.

"Here comes Fred. Hurry, Theed. Find a partner before the dance begins."

Theed stared at her in amazement. "Very well," he said coldly.

And he did find a partner. A visiting girl received him tenderly.

At first he was a bit bored, his mind more on Anita's behavior than the lively talk of his companion, but she really was interesting, and Theed could not help coming out of his sad mood.

Great was Anita's indignation to find him so absorbed in that visitor that he had not returned to her for a single dance.

During an intermission Anita had Fred play his clarinet. At the first soft tentative toot Theed rose and slipped out of the room.

Fred was part through his ovation when he was startled by the wild trilling of a bobolink, which was repeated at intervals to the end of his recital. In several parts of his song sheeplike bleats and "moos" suggestive of cows exchanged places with the short, tentative toots and issued from his clarinet in rural discord. At the end of the song, however, polite clapping greeted Fred.

"Anita," he begged, "explain to them. That bird outside. Oh, my reputation's lost!" He was breathless and his complexion assumed a bright pink.

Just then through the open window there floated a melancholy air. Both Fred and Anita recognized the dreadful whistling tones as those of Theed's "birdiola." Fred was angry. Anita was pleased at Theed's flare of jealousy.

The mournful tone was touching, even if the tones were depressing. Anita ran out on the piazza and shut the screen door softly behind her.

"Theed," she called tremulously. Anita sat down in a chair beside him. "Play for me," she commanded.

Theed brightened visibly and raised the "birdiola" to his lips.

Light-hearted once more, the depressing whistling tones of the "birdiola" grated on Anita's sensibilities.

"Theed," she said solemnly, "your 'birdiola' has become very dear to us. Please give it to me and I will keep it and cherish it forever and ever."

A wise little miss, Anita. She was insuring quiet enjoyment for herself in Theed's future visits. It was true that the instrument had bridged the estrangement between them, but it was a "birdiola."

## LOCAL BREVITIES

S. H. McElmurry has been elected vice president of the Campers' Association of the Oregon State Fair.

Mrs. Lucinda Baldwin and sister, Mrs. L. E. Baldwin went to Portland this week to attend the wedding of their niece, Miss Gaynelie Baldwin.

E. C. Kolb was here this week visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Huggins. We are pleased to note that Mr. Huggins is steadily improving and that he will soon be able to assume business responsibilities again.

### FIJI ISLANDERS PIOUS RACE

Former Fierce South Sea Cannibals  
Have Been Converted Into Al-  
most Ideal Citizens.

The Fiji islands, to the occidental, call up gruesome feasts of "long pig," and tales of barbarous cruelty, a writer in Asia states. It is true that the Fijians were once among the fiercest of the islanders. They were the greediest of cannibals, and practiced cruelties that made cannibalism sink into insignificance. Yet cruelty for the Fijians was largely a matter of habit. Even in the days of savagery, they possessed the qualities that make them now model citizens.

Most of the Fijians are Wesleyan Methodists. Nearly every village has its meeting house to which the Fijians are called to worship by the big, musical drums that less than a century ago announced cannibal feasts. In connection with each church is a school. Suva, the capital—a thriving little metropolis with all the earmarks of civilization, including a town hall, a museum, a Carnegie library, a hospital, an insane asylum, a row of shops with plate glass windows, hotels and a jail—boasts several churches and a fine cathedral.

### CLIENT APPARENTLY WAS 'ON'

Had the Situation of Affairs in Law  
Firm Sized Up Pretty Much  
as They Were.

Earlier in his career Speaker Gillett of the house of representatives was partner in a law firm in Springfield, Mass., which hung out its shingle as "Gillett & McClench."

As Mr. Gillett became more and more absorbed in his work in Washington he gave less and less attention to his practice at home. Mr. McClench had to do all the work.

But he got back at Mr. Gillett on an occasion when the home folks were giving a banquet to their representative and he was ~~headmaster~~. He said that he was coming to a place where he did not mind so much because people understood and gave him full credit.

"Only last week," he said, "I received a letter intended for the firm, but the client understood perfectly. He addressed it to 'Doolittle & McClench.'"

"You will understand, gentlemen," Mr. Gillett replied, "that no man, however great, is a hero to his own valet."—New York Sun.

### Last of Three Friends.

Chauncey M. Depew is the last of three distinguished friends, of whom General Horace Porter and Joseph H. Choate are dead, remarks the Detroit News. They were for years a link between the present generation and that of Civil war days. General Porter campaigned with Grant and was present when Lee surrendered. All three were noted orators. General Porter was regarded as having the superior mentality and his achievements as soldier, diplomat and railroad financier and builder made him most conspicuous.

Choate's oratory was closely associated with his winning personality. Depew's addresses are notable for their spontaneous humor and wit, while General Porter drafted speeches with infinite care and delivered them with impressive intensity and sincerity.

### SEEING THINGS.

Mermaid—How are you going to amuse yourself during the summer?  
Sea Serpent—I guess I won't show up this season. I might get some poor fellow into trouble with the revenue slenths.

## GO IN COMFORT

Go at your pleasure—go where you choose and when you choose, with your family or your friends. Enjoy the boundless beauties of nature, the pure air, a lunch in a shady wood, a fishing excursion, a rest by a cool lake or stream. You can in a Ford. Millions have learned by experience that to own and operate a Ford is not an extravagance; they have learned that the many pleasures derived from a Ford takes the place of other pleasures, and the saving thus made often pays for the car and its maintenance. Lets talk this matter over. Get the facts and figures.

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